

RICHIE TOZIER FUCKS UP

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Genre: Angst and Humor, Attempt at Humor, Bad Jokes, Based on a Tumblr Post, Best Friends, Child Death, Child Funeral, Friendship, Friendship/Love, Gallows Humor, Gen, Grief/Mourning, Humor, Inappropriate Humor, Inspired By Tumblr, Jokes, Pranks and Practical Jokes, Sad, Sad Ending, Terrible Jokes, Wakes & Funerals, Wordcount: 100-500, funny but sad

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Stanley Uris & Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Richie Tozier isn't always the best at funerals, but he and Stan come to support Bill and his family when little Georgie Denbrough goes missing. Because it's Richie though, he sort of...does the worst possible thing.

Oneshot/drabble

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"...Stanny, I'm so bad at funerals, you gotta help me here."

Stan Uris sighed for what felt like the thousandth time today--and it was only ten in the morning. He was sure his blood pressure was about to rise. Hope he didn't have a heart attack at twelve-years old. Okay but enough jokes. Richie was a good guy, deep down. They'd been friends for a long time.

It was just...Richie was annoying.

"Look, just smile at people. Pat them on the back or something."

Obviously Stan wasn't the best at funerals either.

But the reason why the two of them had decided to come was because of their best friend Bill. Bill's little brother Georgie had gone missing...he was only six. They all expected the worst. Of course Bill himself still thought Georgie might be alive somewhere, just lost, but. Well, they were finally having a formal funeral for him. Their third friend Eddie would've come too, but he got sick a lot. His mom didn't want him to catch something else when he was just getting over a bad cold.

"What am I supposed to say though?" Richie hissed.

Stan sighed. Wow, look at that. He'd sighed again. Lord give him strength. "How about you just say... 'I'm sorry for your loss'. Move on."

Richie paused, and then nodded. That seemed to, for once, shut him up. They went their separate ways. And Stan, who if he was gonna be honest was a bit of a perfectionist and a neat freak himself, went up and hugged Bill. He didn't like physical contact too much but Bill? He needed it.

"Th-th-thanks, S-Stan." Bill whispered. Was it his stutter, or his voice cracking?

"Don't mention it, Bill."

Stan paused. Had he just heard Richie behind him? The Denbroughs had invited a lot of people so that was unlikely... But then someone gasped and people started whispering amongst themselves. Yeah, that was probably because of Richie.

Bill and Stan turned slightly to him, just in time to hear him say: "I'm sorry for your loss. Move on."

Oh man. That was not what Stan had meant at all. He was mortified, and turned to Bill to say something, apologize--but Bill was chuckling a little bit. So he decided that maybe it wasn't that bad after all.

Author's Note:

If you ever try and tell me Stan and Richie aren't best friends who are totally sassy to each other, just don't. Don't even bother. Stan might be exasperated but c'mon, he puts up with him. It's the true brotp here, people~